SUPERMAN
ACTION COMICS

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TURNER
KELLY
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GORDER

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME...

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SUPERMAN
ACTION COMICS
THERE'S NO PLACE
LIKE HOME...

WHY DO ALL DREAMERS SHARE VISIONS OF *FLIGHT*?
IS IT THE LONGING OF THE *SPIRIT* TO BE FREE OF THE MEAT AND BONE AND *DIRT* OF MORTAL LIFE?
DO WE TAP A SHARED MEMORY OF SOME LOST HISTORY WHEN WE COULD *SOAR* AT WILL?
OR IS IT SIMPLY BASE *JEALOUSY* THAT PROPELS THE MIND INTO THE CLOUDS..?
FOR HOW CAN ANYTHING THAT *FLIES* BE BURDENED BY SORROW OR WANT? HOW COULD ANYTHING THAT DANCES WITH THE WIND STAY STILL LONG ENOUGH TO *HURT*?
WHAT WOULD ONE GIVE TO FIND OUT?

GODFALL PART ONE: HOME

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Back...
Back to reality.
Four days overtime this week... the Chief expects that report... never did finish those discipline breakdowns or...
Rent. Bills. Power converter's still broken in the kitchen. Need...
Need some rest. Rao, I'm so tired.
At least I got a ride in. That's something...

Don't know why I'm complaining. I have more than most on Krypton. The house my father built me. A good job with the government, and, of course, my--
OH NO.
NO. NO. NO!!
YOU DIDN'T GET THE POWER CONVERTER FIXED?
I -- IT'S NOT BURNT. "CHARRED--" "BLACKENED!" BLACKENED FREBWAT IS ALL THE RAGE IN FINE DINING ACROSS KRYPTON...
AND DROWNED FREBWAT IS A BONA FIDE DELICACY.
MMM-HMM. BREAKFAST IS OVERRATED, I THINK.
YEAH, RIGHT...
I WANTED TO SURPRISE YOU.

NEXT TIME YOU WANT TO SURPRISE ME, KAL...
LEAVE YOUR LITTLE BIKE WITH THE BOY NEXT DOOR AND HELP ME IN THE SHOWER.
And of course... my wife. Lyla.
How can she still look at me like that? Like I can do anything... when the truth is I've done nothing to deserve her love.
She's a goddess.
WHAT IF I TOLD YOU YOU MISSED A SPOT?
I'D TELL YOU WE CAN'T BE LATE FOR WORK.

OF COURSE WE CAN'T.
YOU DIDN'T SLEEP MUCH LAST NIGHT, DID YOU?
ENOUGH. I'M FINE.
LOOK ME IN THE EYES AND SAY THAT.
I'D RATHER *HOLD* YOU AND *LIE*. IT'S A *MOOD*, LYLA. IT'LL *PASS*.
RIGHT, WHEN WE GET OUT OF *DEBT*... OR WHEN THEY MAKE YOU A *CHIEF*... WHEN THE *DREAMS* STOP...
OR WHEN YOU AREN'T MARRIED TO AN *ALIEN*.
DON'T, LYLA. YOU *KNOW* THAT'S NEVER MATTERED. IT'S *NEVER* YOU...
THIS IS A *GOOD LIFE*. YOU *MAKE* IT *INCREDIBLE*.
WHAT MORE COULD ANYONE WANT?

SO, WE'LL MEET LATER FOR LUNCH THEN? THE PARK?
IF WE DON'T STARVE BEFORE THEN--
PROMISE ME. AND PROMISE ME YOU'LL TRY TO RELAX.
SURE... AND WHILE I'M AT IT, I'LL GRAB THE MOON FOR YOU--
GAAH! THEY GOT ME! I --
TEE-HEE.
YOU KNOW, THE BAD GUYS AREN'T SUPPOSED TO LAUGH...
...KON-LAR.
I KNOW! BUT I'M IN THE C.P.C., SO I'M A HERO!
CAN I HAVE SPLAT BACK? I GOTTA GET MORE BAD GUYS!
YOU GOT IT... HERO...

LYLA, GET BACK TO THE HOUSE! KON, GET TO YOUR BASEMENT--
WHY--?
THAT'S JUST "GOD BLOWING OUT THE CANDLES." EVERYONE KNOWS THAT... IS THIS A NEW GAME?
WHAT?
IT'S A TREMOR. IT'S NOTHING, KAL.
WE COMPENSATE FOR THEM FIFTEEN TIMES A DAY AT THE TERRAFORGE.
COMPENSATE..?
BUT KRYPTON... IT ISN'T STABLE. THE PLANET...
IS FINE. THANKS TO THE WORK OF THE HOUSE OF EL.
YOUR FATHER'S GREATEST GIFT TO US, BEFORE HIS DEATH. BEFORE IT ALL CHANGED...
...
OF COURSE. I... OF COURSE.

"Before it all changed..."
When the House of El was led by a thinker. A visionary...
...instead of an ineffective undersecretary in a bloated government office.
I've lost count of how many times a stunned co-worker has put it all together... "Oh, you're from that house of El? What are you doing here?"
What am I doing here? Why can't I be happy?
Why is this guy crowding my lane?

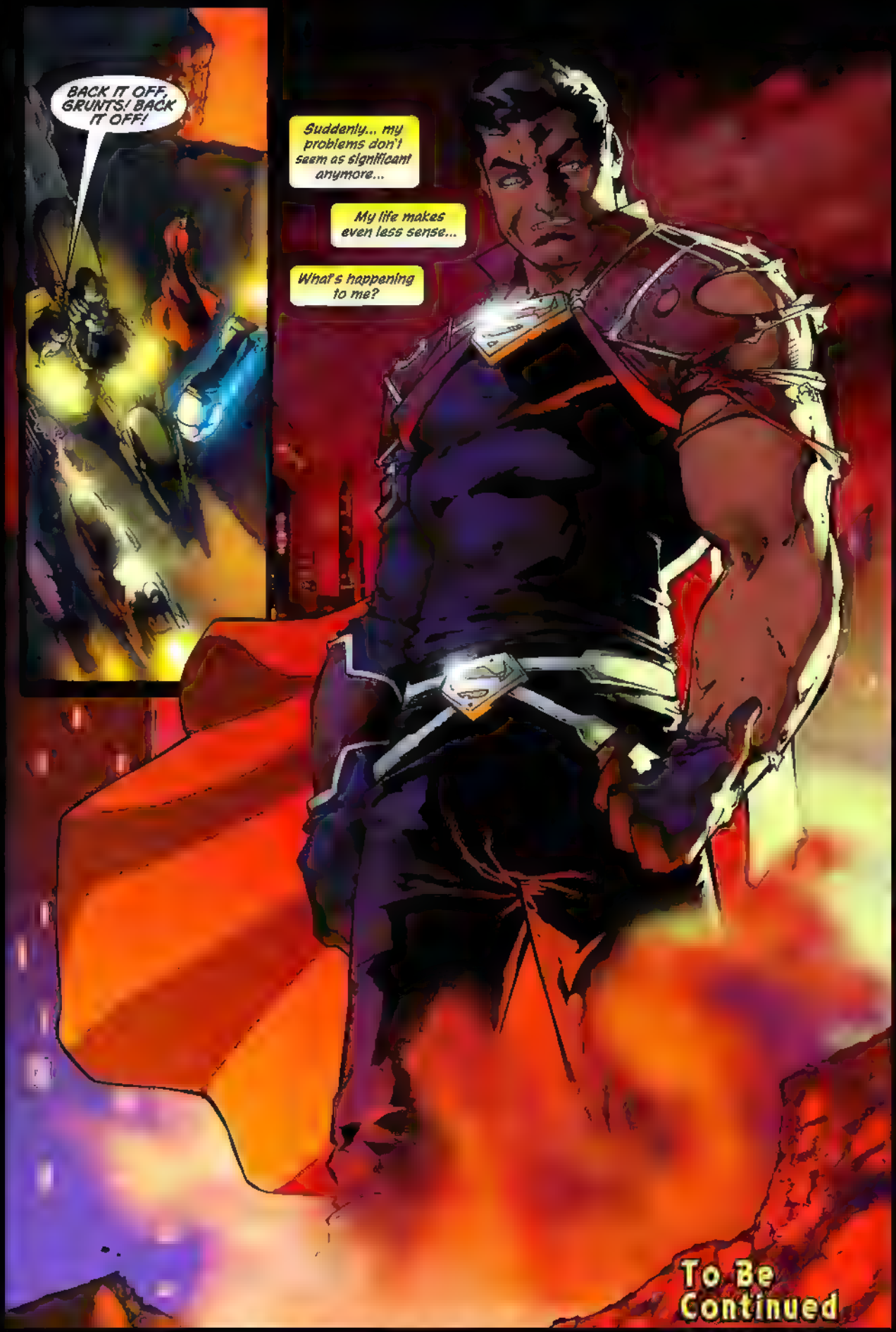
NNNGH!
FREE KRYPTON!
The people of Krypton are well cared for by the government. Our basic needs are satisfied. Food, housing, a job, even the weather. By most accounts, it is a paradise.
Most... unless you happen to be alien.
Last month, the attacks began. Dissidents -- alien and Kryptonian -- who feel our freedoms are a sham.
That we are somehow prisoners in our own world.
SPEED UP--
--I WANT TO WEAR HIS LUNGS AS A VEST!

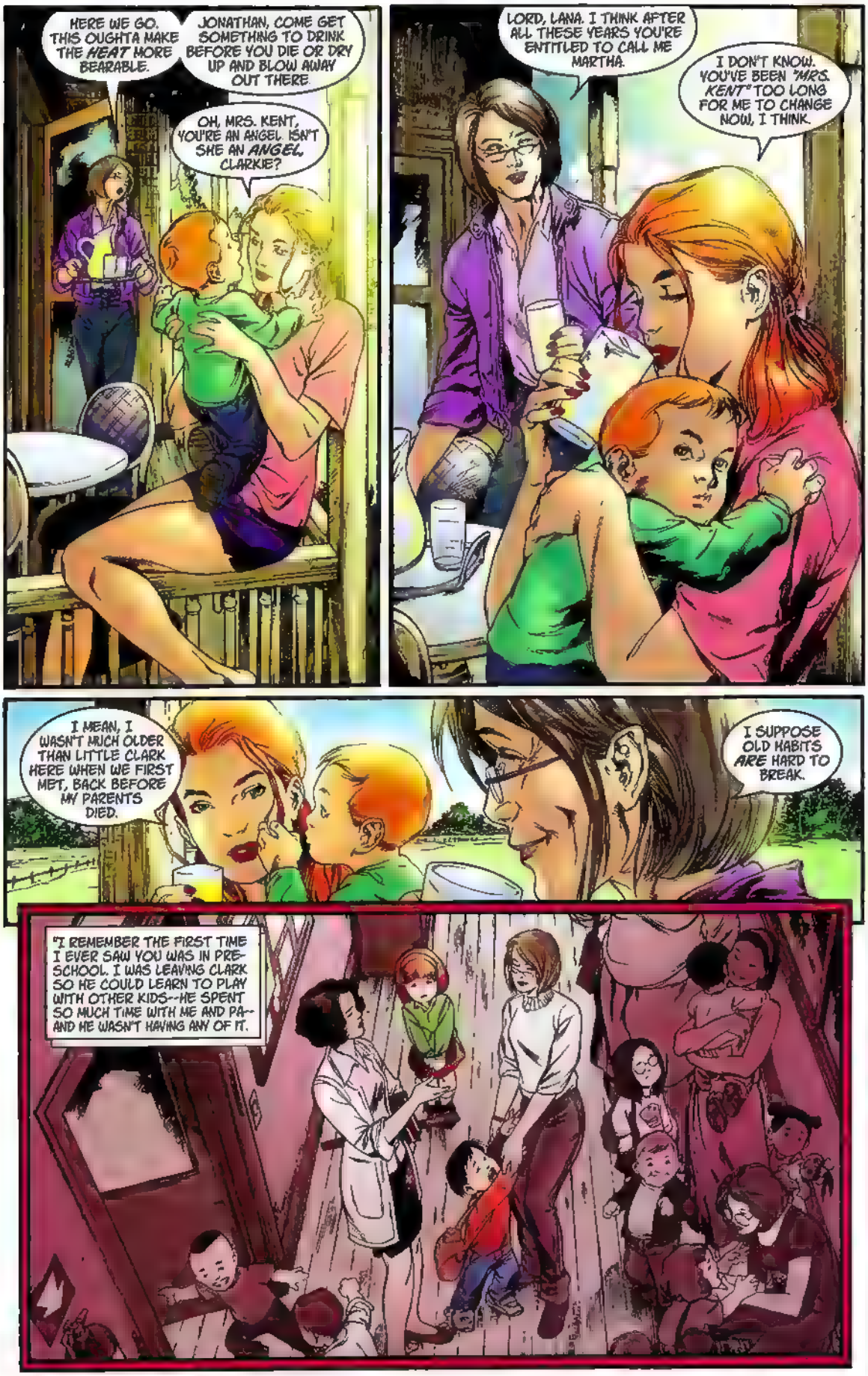
Guerrilla groups have begun lashing out at low-level government employees like me.
"Take out the legs and the body will fall," it read in their manifesto.
I thought it was a joke until the first undersecretary was put in the med-center.
AHHHH!
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?!?
FREEDOM.
It's ironic, that while I'm fighting for my very life...
...I can't help but think, "Yeah, I want the same thing, friend."
Only I don't know why.

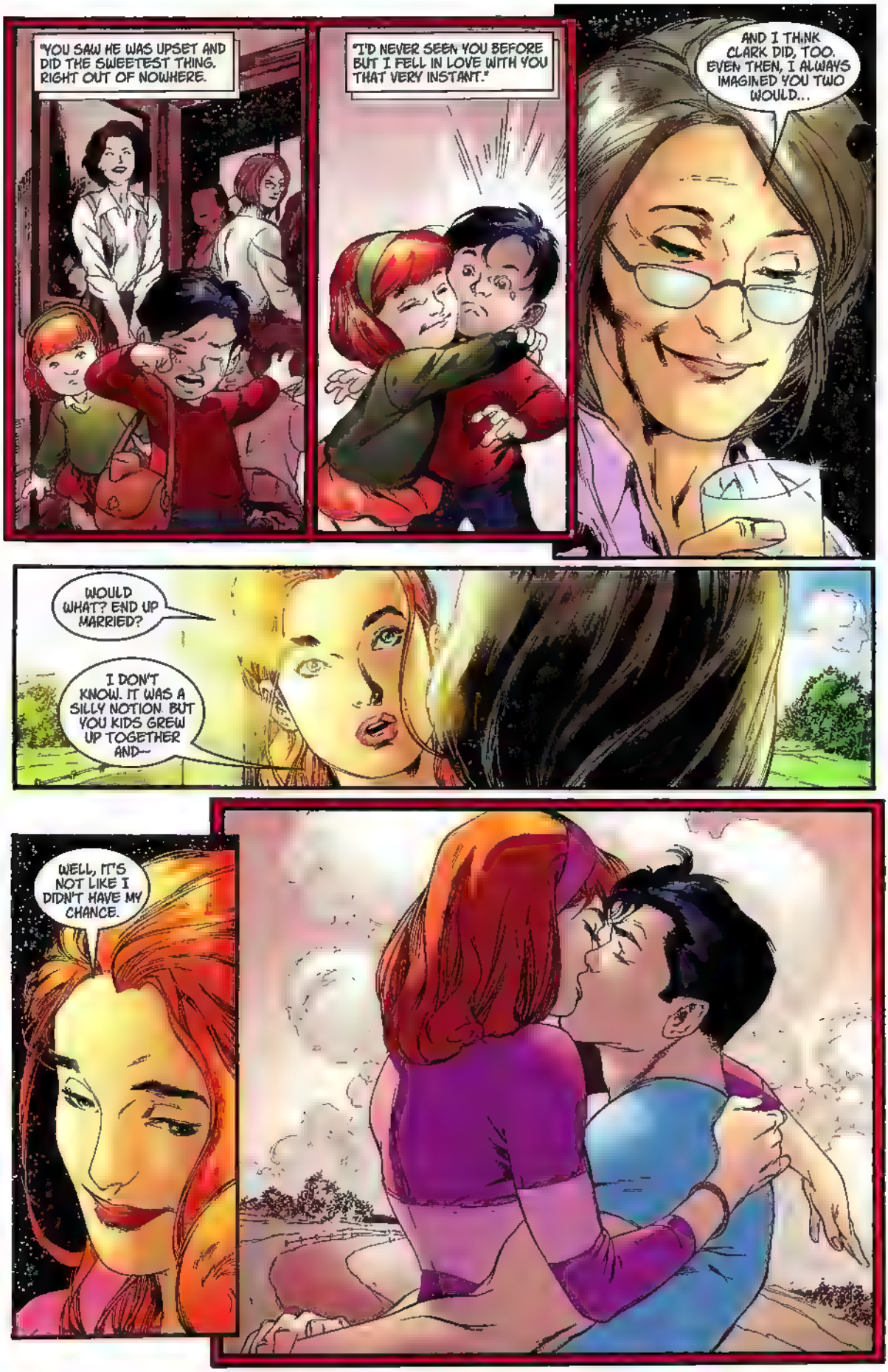
That said, I'm sure as hell not willing to die to get a little rest.
FOOT BRAKES ON A SPEEDBIKE. DUMB.

AAAAAGHH!
DAMN IT! WHAT IS THIS, CAN'T SEE A THING?!
NNNGH--
DON'T GOTTA SEE HIM TO SKIN HIM!!
YELLOW SUN?
HA! MAYBE WE SHOULD TAKE DOWN THE TERRAFORGE NEXT IF THEY'RE GONNA MESS WITH THE SUN NOW!
In an instant, I see the punks raiding the terraforge on their insane crusade...
...I see them find their way into the heart of the complex...
I see them find Lyda...
And...

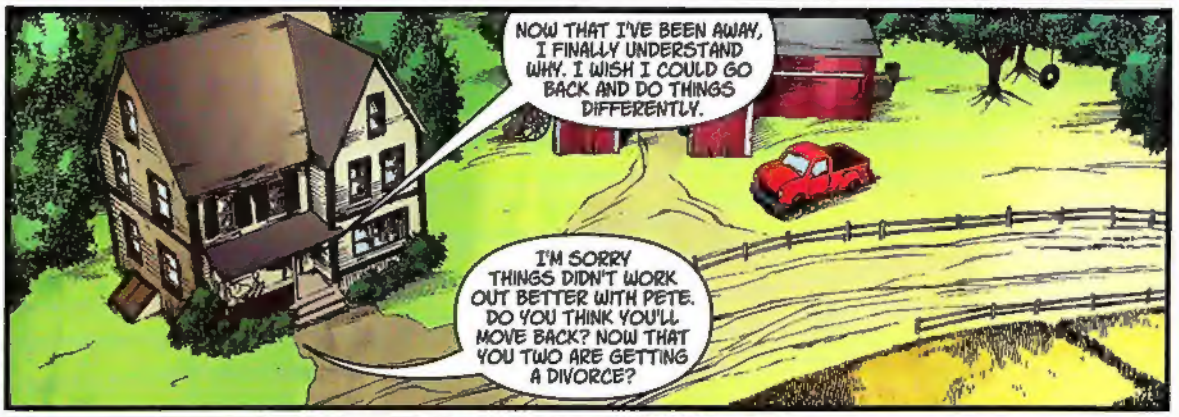
...Something happens.
GREAT RAO...
NO ONE SAID HE'D BE ARMED?
DAMMIT! OUR INTEL BITES!


BACK IT OFF, GRUNTS! BACK IT OFF!
Suddenly... my problems don't seem as significant anymore...
My life makes even less sense...
What's happening to me?
To Be Continued

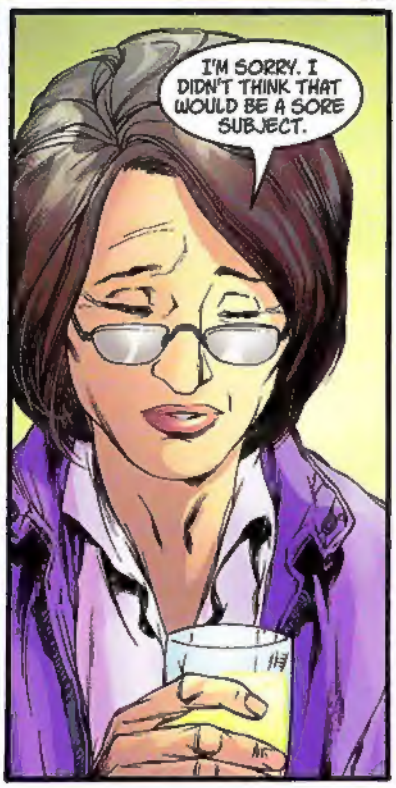

HERE WE GO. THIS OUGHTA MAKE THE HEAT MORE BEARABLE.
JONATHAN, COME GET SOMETHING TO DRINK BEFORE YOU DIE OR DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY OUT THERE.
OH, MRS. KENT, YOU'RE AN ANGEL. ISN'T SHE AN ANGEL, CLARKIE?
LORD, LANA. I THINK AFTER ALL THESE YEARS YOU'RE ENTITLED TO CALL ME MARTHA.
I DON'T KNOW. YOU'VE BEEN "MRS. KENT" TOO LONG FOR ME TO CHANGE NOW, I THINK.
I MEAN, I WASN'T MUCH OLDER THAN LITTLE CLARK HERE WHEN WE FIRST MET, BACK BEFORE MY PARENTS DIED.
I SUPPOSE OLD HABITS ARE HARD TO BREAK.
"I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW YOU WAS IN PRE-SCHOOL. I WAS LEAVING CLARK SO HE COULD LEARN TO PLAY WITH OTHER KIDS--HE SPENT SO MUCH TIME WITH ME AND PA--AND HE WASN'T HAVING ANY OF IT.

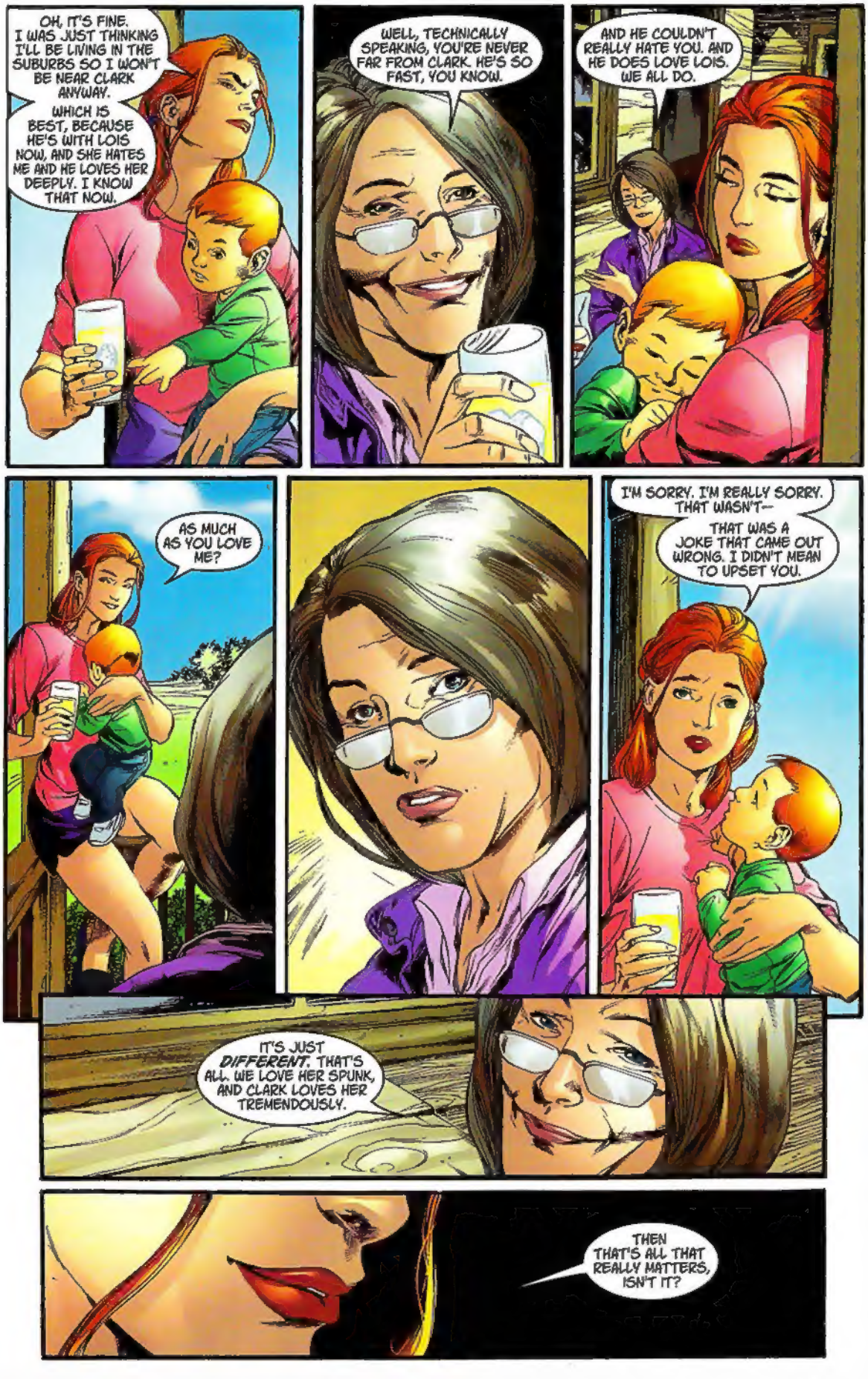

"YOU SAW HE WAS UPSET AND DID THE SWEETEST THING. RIGHT OUT OF NOWHERE.
"I'D NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE BUT I FELL IN LOVE WITH YOU THAT VERY INSTANT."
AND I THINK CLARK DID, TOO. EVEN THEN, I ALWAYS IMAGINED YOU TWO WOULD...
WOULD WHAT? END UP MARRIED?
I DON'T KNOW. IT WAS A SILLY NOTION. BUT YOU KIDS GREW UP TOGETHER AND--
WELL, IT'S NOT LIKE I DIDN'T HAVE MY CHANCE.

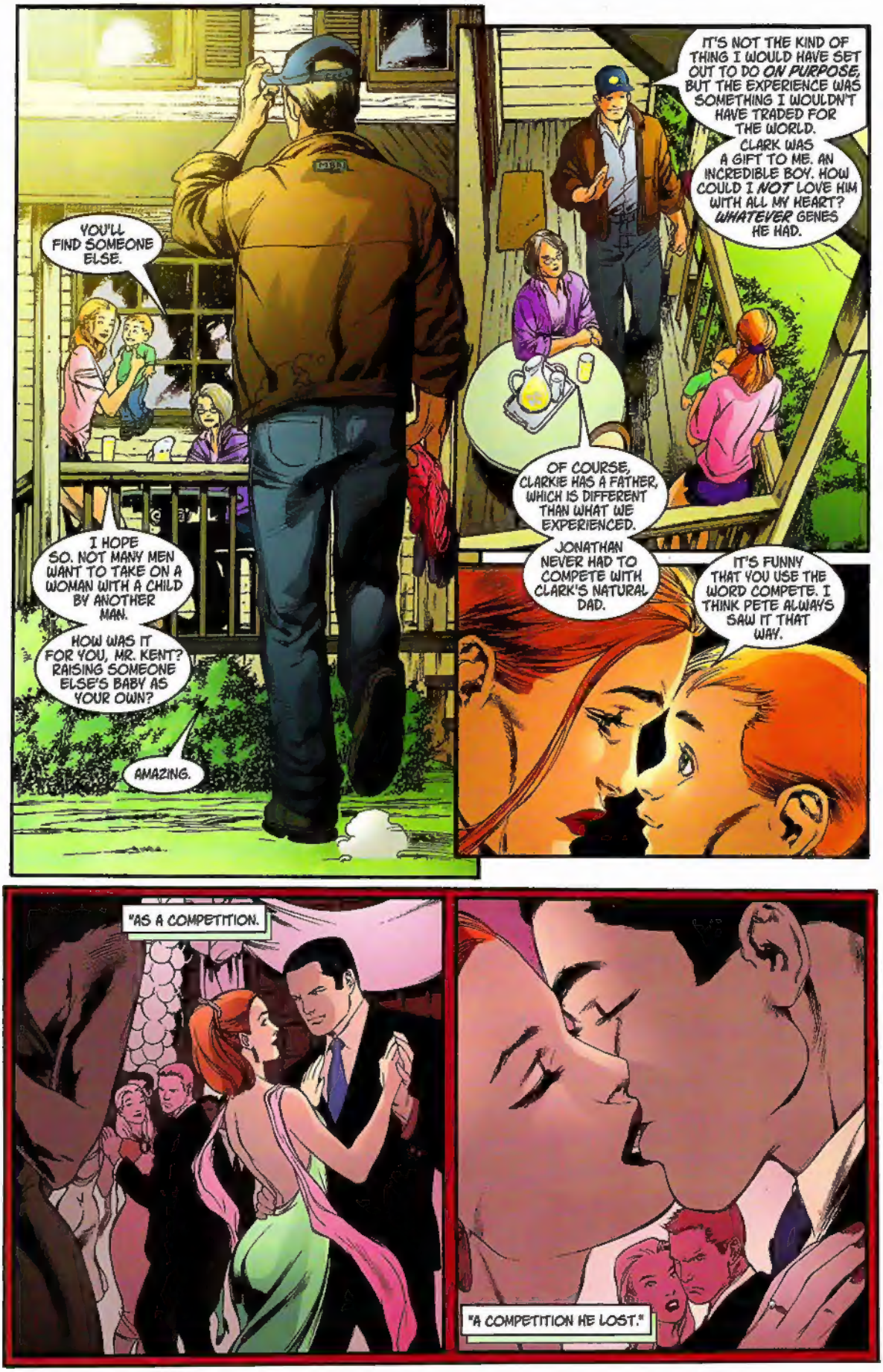
I DON'T KNOW, I HAD A LOT OF CRAZINESS TO GET OUT OF MY SYSTEM, WHAT WITH THE BAD MEMORIES OF LOSING MY PARENTS HERE, AND YEARS OF LIVING IN FOSTER CARE. AND EVEN THOUGH CLARK ALWAYS *TALKED* ABOUT LEAVING SMALLVILLE, I NEVER BELIEVED HE ACTUALLY WOULD.
I WAS *AFRAID* HE NEVER ACTUALLY WOULD, AND THAT HE'D KEEP ME HERE WITH HIM. HE LOVES YOU AND MR. KENT SO.
HE LOVES THIS TOWN AND THIS FARM--

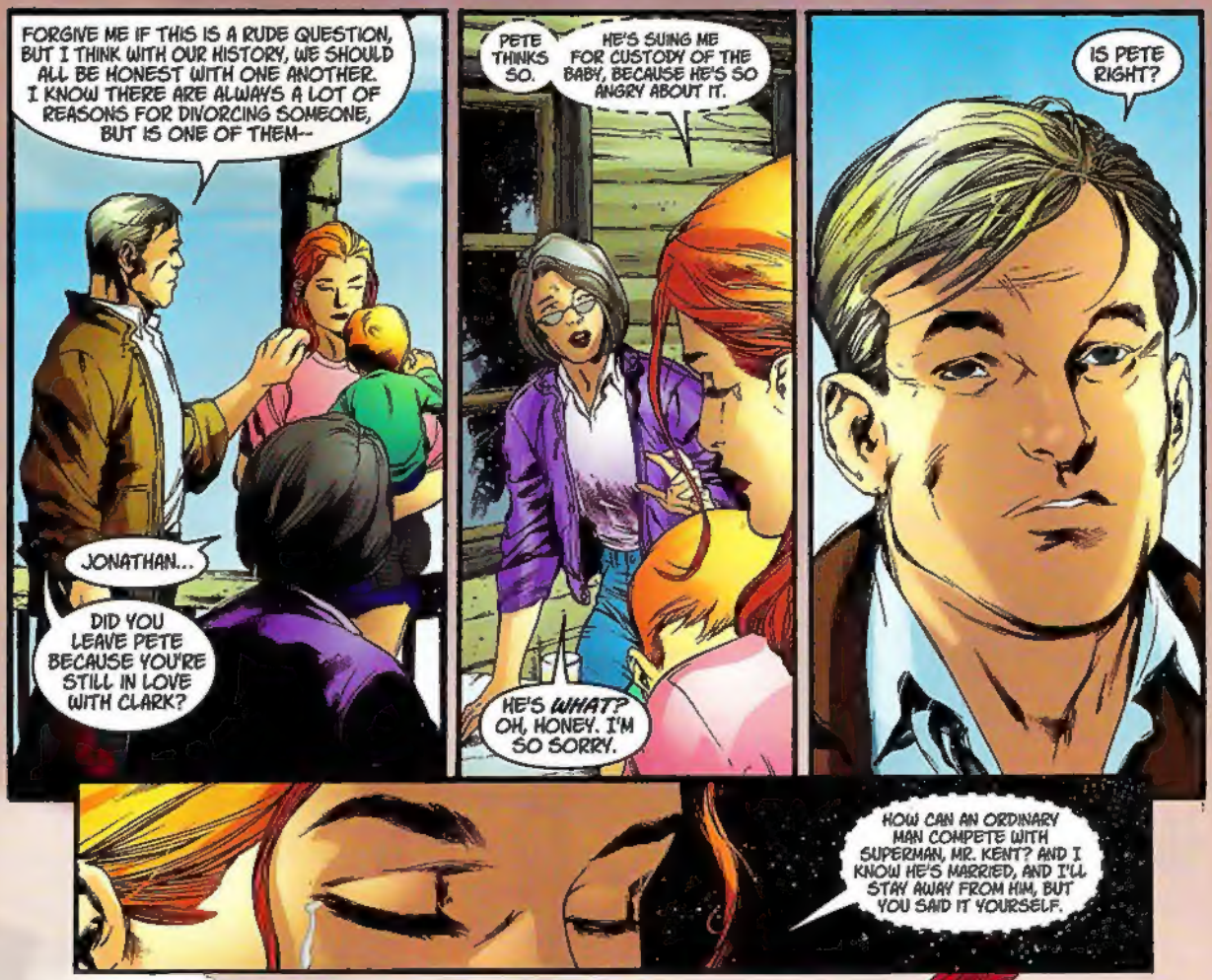

NOW THAT I'VE BEEN AWAY, I FINALLY UNDERSTAND WHY. I WISH I COULD GO BACK AND DO THINGS DIFFERENTLY.
I'M SORRY THINGS DIDN'T WORK OUT BETTER WITH PETE. DO YOU THINK YOU'LL MOVE BACK? NOW THAT YOU TWO ARE GETTING A DIVORCE?

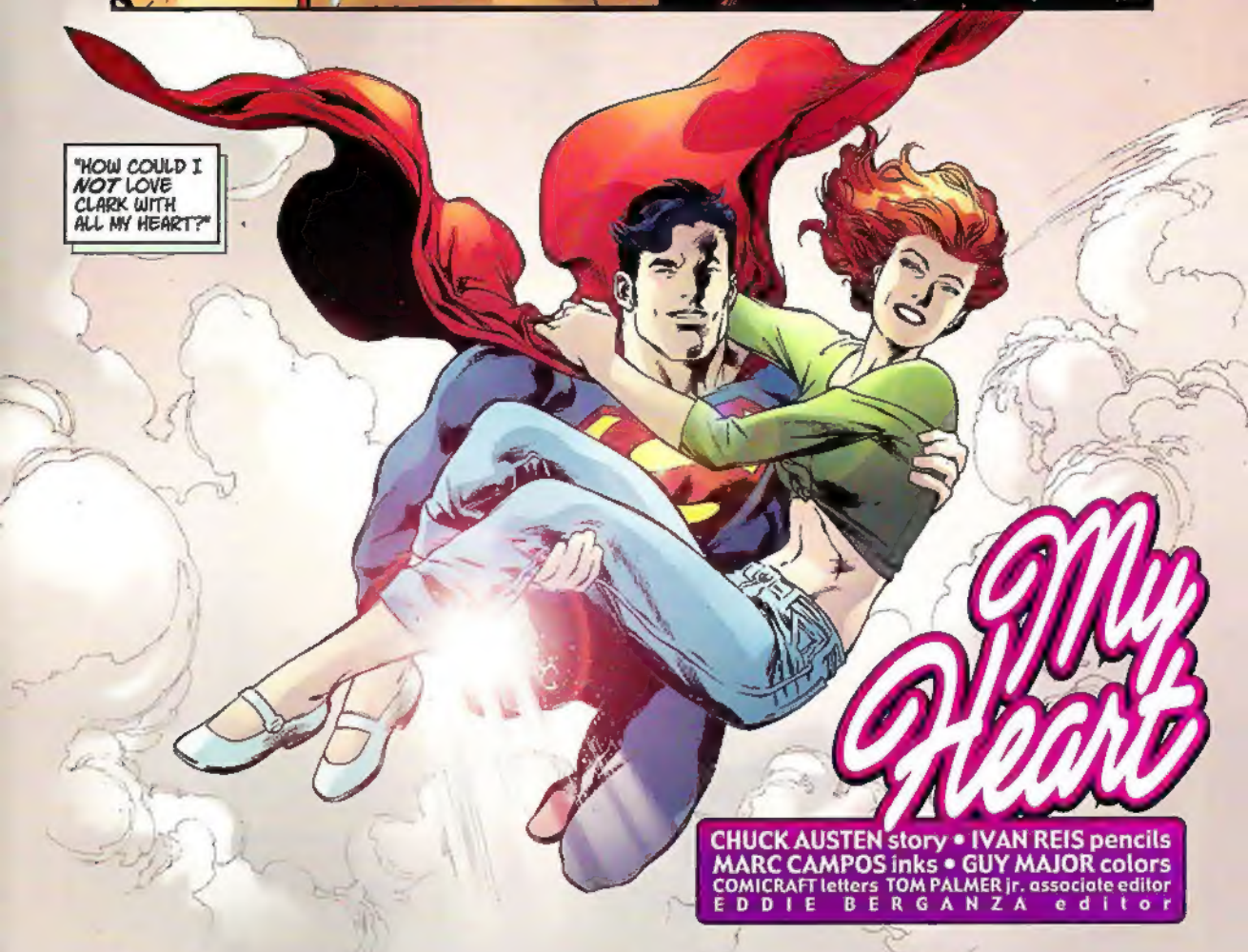
I CAN'T. I'D LIKE TO. IT'S SO MUCH MORE PEACEFUL HERE, AFTER ALL I'VE GONE THROUGH WITH PETE, AND NOW HIS DECISION TO--
I DON'T KNOW. THE ONLY WORK I COULD GET WAS IN METROPOLIS, ANYWAY.
SO AT LEAST YOU'LL BE NEAR CLARK AGAIN.


I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T THINK THAT WOULD BE A SORE SUBJECT.


OH, IT'S FINE. I WAS JUST THINKING I'LL BE LIVING IN THE SUBURBS SO I WON'T BE NEAR CLARK ANYWAY.
WHICH IS BEST, BECAUSE HE'S WITH LOIS NOW, AND SHE HATES ME AND HE LOVES HER DEEPLY. I KNOW THAT NOW.
WELL, TECHNICALLY SPEAKING, YOU'RE NEVER FAR FROM CLARK. HE'S SO FAST, YOU KNOW.
AND HE COULDN'T REALLY HATE YOU. AND HE DOES LOVE LOIS. WE ALL DO.
AS MUCH AS YOU LOVE ME?
I'M SORRY. I'M REALLY SORRY. THAT WASN'T—
THAT WAS A JOKE THAT CAME OUT WRONG. I DIDN'T MEAN TO UPSET YOU.
IT'S JUST *DIFFERENT*. THAT'S ALL. WE LOVE HER SPUNK, AND CLARK LOVES HER TREMENDOUSLY.
THEN THAT'S ALL THAT REALLY MATTERS, ISN'T IT?


YOU'LL FIND SOMEONE ELSE.
I HOPE SO. NOT MANY MEN WANT TO TAKE ON A WOMAN WITH A CHILD BY ANOTHER MAN.
HOW WAS IT FOR YOU, MR. KENT? RAISING SOMEONE ELSE'S BABY AS YOUR OWN?
AMAZING.
IT'S NOT THE KIND OF THING I WOULD HAVE SET OUT TO DO *ON PURPOSE*, BUT THE EXPERIENCE WAS SOMETHING I WOULDN'T HAVE TRADED FOR THE WORLD.
CLARK WAS A GIFT TO ME. AN INCREDIBLE BOY. HOW COULD I *NOT* LOVE HIM WITH ALL MY HEART? *WHATEVER* GENES HE HAD.
OF COURSE, CLARKIE HAS A FATHER, WHICH IS DIFFERENT THAN WHAT WE EXPERIENCED.
JONATHAN NEVER HAD TO COMPETE WITH CLARK'S NATURAL DAD.
IT'S FUNNY THAT YOU USE THE WORD COMPETE. I THINK PETE ALWAYS SAW IT THAT WAY.
"AS A COMPETITION.
"A COMPETITION HE LOST."


FORGIVE ME IF THIS IS A RUDE QUESTION, BUT I THINK WITH OUR HISTORY, WE SHOULD ALL BE HONEST WITH ONE ANOTHER. I KNOW THERE ARE ALWAYS A LOT OF REASONS FOR DIVORCING SOMEONE, BUT IS ONE OF THEM--
JONATHAN...
DID YOU LEAVE PETE BECAUSE YOU'RE STILL IN LOVE WITH CLARK?
PETE THINKS SO.
HE'S SUING ME FOR CUSTODY OF THE BABY, BECAUSE HE'S SO ANGRY ABOUT IT.
HE'S WHAT? OH, HONEY. I'M SO SORRY.
IS PETE RIGHT?
HOW CAN AN ORDINARY MAN COMPETE WITH SUPERMAN, MR. KENT? AND I KNOW HE'S MARRIED, AND I'LL STAY AWAY FROM HIM, BUT YOU SAID IT YOURSELF.



My Heart

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